

Business Directory.

ATTORNEYS.

LEE & BREWER.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
N. B. SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
all kinds of Military Claims, Back Pay,
Pensions, &c. Office in Tiffin, Ohio.
Tiffin, Ohio, Jan 17/67.

W. H. GIBSON.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in First National Bank Block
(Opposite Post Office).
Tiffin, Ohio.

BYERS & PERSONS.
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law.
Office in Tiffin, Ohio.
Tiffin, Ohio, Jan 17/67.

GEORGE E. SENEY.
Attorney at Law.
Office in Tiffin, Ohio.
Tiffin, Ohio, Jan 17/67.

BACHMAN & CRAMER.
Attorneys at Law.
Office in Tiffin, Ohio.
Tiffin, Ohio, Jan 17/67.

ROBERT LYSLE.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Tiffin, Ohio.
Tiffin, Ohio, Jan 17/67.

G. J. KEEN.
Attorney at Law.
Office in Tiffin, Ohio.
Tiffin, Ohio, Jan 17/67.

NOTARY PUBLIC, REAL ESTATE.
Office in Tiffin, Ohio.
Tiffin, Ohio, Jan 17/67.

W. H. STOVER.
HOMEOPATHIC
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office in Tiffin, Ohio.
Tiffin, Ohio, Jan 17/67.

DR. J. D. O'CONNOR.
HAVING PERMANENTLY LOCATED IN
Tiffin, Ohio, he has opened an office in
the Tiffin, Ohio, Jan 17/67.

H. B. MARTIN M. D.
Office in Tiffin, Ohio.
Tiffin, Ohio, Jan 17/67.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Office in Tiffin, Ohio.
Tiffin, Ohio, Jan 17/67.

ROBERT LYSLE & CO.
Office in Tiffin, Ohio.
Tiffin, Ohio, Jan 17/67.

VOLMER & KIRCHNER.
Office in Tiffin, Ohio.
Tiffin, Ohio, Jan 17/67.

THE TIFFIN WOOLLEN MILLS.
Office in Tiffin, Ohio.
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Political Poetry.

GRANT, OUR GREAT COMMANDER.

All doubt will be soon swept,
With Grant's name on the day,
In the nation's heart, and
In the nation's soul, and
In the nation's blood, and
In the nation's life, and
In the nation's death, and
In the nation's resurrection.

When the nation's life is on a thread,
When the nation's blood is on a thread,
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When the nation's blood is on a thread.

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Selected Story.

"THE GRECIAN BEND."

(From the Louisville Courier.)
Mary Jane had got it; that fashion-
able creature of the spine called
the "Grecian bend." She caught it
at Saratoga, where she had been on
exhibition during the season. She
had returned, however, bringing with
her several large trunks full of second-
hand clothing—i. e., garments which
she had worn once.

As I was passing the dry goods
store on Fourth street, Mary Jane
was coming out of the door. She
was pitching forward at such a rate
that I thought she was about to fall
into my arms. I held out those im-
plements of industry accordingly—
she didn't fall worth a cent. Re-
garding the example set by our
first parents, she maintained her cur-
vilinear form, and placing the tip of
a gloved forefinger on my outstretched
palm, she said—in the fashionable
drawl of a cursed Fifth Avenueite—
"Oh, how is it, you?" Delicately.

She picked up that infernal accent
and language of Saratoga also.
"Why, Jennie dear, this is an un-
expected pleasure. [Grabbing both lit-
tle hands, and rolling them up to-
gether.] I was not looking for you
for some weeks. You are ill. I am
so sorry. Shall I assist you to your
carriage?"

She looked like the half of a pa-
rethesis, but more like an interroga-
tion point. I was certain that she
had been eating grape fruit, and was
suffering from cramp colic, and
wondered why she did not go home
and take something. But she said:
"I was better in my life—"

I was fawced to leave that sweet
place because I had absolutely nothing
to wear."

"Nothing to wear? Why, what has
become of all your clothes? Did
you have a fire, or did you lose them
for flower vases and plaster of
Paris statues of the Appelles?"

"How stupid! I had worn all my
dresses once, and it was the style to
appear in the same apparel twice."

"Confound the style! But I am
glad you have come home, if you did
come almost naked and so changed
it is difficult to realize that it is
you. You are among friends now,
and I hope you will shortly recover
your speech and your figure."

She was mad, and expressed her
self quite natural and intelligently,
as follows:

"Friends! I suppose it is the
chief duty of one's friends to find
fault with one. I declare I am tired
of friends, and of this little provin-
cial town where the primitive man-
ners and styles of the backwoods
still prevail. If one goes for a rille
into good society abroad and returns
somewhat civilized, one is sure to
incite the jeers and ridicule of the
barbarians here. Good morning."

Saying which she drove into an
other dry goods trap, and was con-
vinced that her fate depends on
tiresome on the whims and caprices of
the fashion monger of Paris. The
ladies have never given us any evi-
dence of their desire to avoid the ri-
diculous and absurd dictates of fash-
ion. On the contrary, the more ab-
surd and ridiculous fashion is, the
more eagerly and implicitly her devo-
tees follow her. No considerations
of health, or of propriety, or of
comfort, or of affection, or of any-
thing else, can divert them from the
vulgar style. If the Grecian bend
follows the natural of fashion, it will
get worse and worse, and it will not
be long until we see our sweethearts
with their heads hanging down like
howling dervishes.

I have taken the porcelain picture
of Mary Jane out of its velvet case,
and that pretty casket is now vacant.
Her figure, which was supposed to
be elegant upon this bending hour,
has faded out, or is grown over with
fat. I have determined never to
marry a woman with her back up.
Others may do as they please, but if
ever I do take a wife, I shall take
her as I do my Bourbon—straight.

Costans tells an old story, which,
he says, few persons here have heard.
When Governor of New York, Sar-
atoga, in those pre-railroad days, had
occasion to visit a certain part of
the State, and accordingly mounted upon
the box of the mail coach, that he
might enjoy his cigar and the scenery.
The driver was an inquisitive
fellow, and his passenger humored
him.

"Land agent?" said the driver.
"No," said Seward.
"Selling goods?"
"No."
"Newspaper?"
"No."
"What, then," said the baffled driver
"what is your business?"

"Governor," replied Mr. Seward,
"with a tranquil smile."

"Governor of the State of New
York," replied the smoking passen-
ger, with composure.

"Gentleman,"
"Well, I can convince you of it,"
said Seward, "for here comes a man
on the road with whom I am ac-
quainted," and, as the stage passed
by, he saluted him.

"Good morning, Mr. Bunker, I
want to ask you a question."

"Am I not Gov. of New York?"
"No, by thunder," said the startled
passenger.

"Who is, then?" said the startled
smoker.

"Thurloe Weed!"

The Marriage of Robert T. Lincoln.

The Marriage of Robert T. Lincoln.

The parties and guests, and how they
were dressed.

The guests commenced to assemble
about half past 7 o'clock. The spa-
cious parlors of Senator Harlan were
tastefully and elegantly decorated
with rare flowers, formed in pyramids
and bouquets, furnished by friends
of the bride.

On the wall, directly
opposite the altar, stood the bride-
party, which was a curiously assort-
ed monogram of roses, forming the let-
ters "M. R." This was the work
and gift of Mrs. Secretary Welles.
The bride and bridegroom entered
the parlors from the rear shortly af-
ter 8 o'clock. As they advanced to
the altar, they were met by Bishop
Simpson of the Methodist Episcopal
Church, who at once commenced the
ceremony, which was that of the
wedding, and the bridegroom was
described by the formula of the church
of which the Bishop is a distin-
guished light. On all occasions this
ceremony, which is in the opinion of
many, equals that of the Episcopal
Church in solemnity and beauty, is
not gone through with in full. On
this occasion, however, the bishop
read the entire service, which, by the
way, is not long to wearyness. As
soon as the ceremony was solemnized,
the bride and groom were saluted and
congratulated, first by Bishop Simp-
son, then by the parents of the respec-
tive parties, and afterward by the
entire company.

The bride was dressed in a rich white
silk, elegantly trimmed with white
satin and blonde, made with high cor-
sage and long sleeves, with illusion
and satins, with train and over skirt
and, hand-shaped bow behind.

She wore a small crown of
white veil, very full, fastened under
the back hair with a small wreath of
orange blossoms. Her ornaments
were rich pearls. The hair was taste-
fully arranged, plaited and puffed.
The entire dress, although plain, was
exceedingly tasteful and rich, adding
nothing to the beauty of the
bride. Mrs. Abraham Lincoln
attended in deep mourning, without
any jewelry or ornaments whatever.

Mrs. Senator Harlan wore a wine-
colored silk dress, made with high
corset and long sleeves, with a low
skirt trimmed with a deep flounce
and folds of the same. The upper
skirt was lapped up with flat bows,
and trimmed with deep fringe of the
same color as the dress. She also
wore a point lace collar. Her orna-
ments were pearls. Mrs. Secretary
Stanton was dressed in a rich, light
blue silk, tastefully trimmed with
point lace. She wore a set of fine
pearls of rare pattern and very large.

Mrs. Secretary McCulloch wore an
elegant light silk, with pointed lace
trimmings, her ornaments being dia-
monds. Mrs. Secretary Welles was
dressed in a white gown, trimmed
with black lace, and a black lace
shawl. She wore diamond jewelry.

Mrs. Bishop Simpson was dressed in
plain black, without any ornaments.
The Misses Simpson, daughters of
the Bishop, wore plain white silk
dresses, with over dresses of white
satin, and long sleeves.

Mrs. Lulu McCulloch, a charming
miss of about fourteen, daughter
of Secretary McCulloch, wore a
rose colored silk, with a white
main overdress, and without orna-
ments. Mrs. General Chipman was
attired in a blue and white striped
silk dress, trimmed in satin, with
pearl ornaments. Miss Cora Bean,
of New York, was dressed in white
French muslin, elegantly embroidered
over a purple silk, with amethyst,
necklace, earrings and bracelets.

Her dress was made in the latest and
most fashionable style. Miss Caleb,
of New York, wore a lavender silk,
trimmed in satin of the same color,
with parrot jewelry. Mrs. Decker,
of New York, was dressed in a light
blue mohair silk, with deep point lace
flounces, and lace bertha, diamonds.

Among those present were Secretary
McCulloch, Secretary Welles, Son-
net Harlan, Representative Lough-
ran, Mr. Lulu McCulloch, Mr. Edgar
T. Welles, Esq., Mr. W. H. Har-
son of Boston, Colonel A. P. Ke-
tchem of New York, General
Chipman of Iowa, Dr. Goodwin of
Indiana, Judge Kilpatrick of Iowa,
Mr. Decker of New York, Mr. Kin-
ner of Iowa, Jos. McFarland, Esq.,
Tad Lincoln, and Willie Harlan,
brother of the bride.

After the ceremony and the con-
gratulations, the company partook of
an elegant supper, and a large lot
of an hour and a half followed, when
the guests dispersed.

The World of Thursday very frank-
ly said that American "bonds were
approximately near zero, but for a
ticking fair that some day the South-
ern States will be a powerful remem-
berance of this day, and a lesson to
may give in solid mass for its destruc-
tion." This is perfectly true. And
it is one of the principal reasons why
the American people will never per-
mit the Democratic repudiationists
and destructionists to obtain control
of the American Government.

The Capital of the nation is now
for the first time in its history, gov-
erned on truly Republican principles.
The disorganization of the city Gov-
ernment, occasioned by the fastidious
Democrats in it, has ended at last by
the election of a Republican presi-
dential officer! Washington is now
deed what it should be—Slavery
dead, and the black people enfran-
chised! It is appropriately represents
the justice of the nation. The gospel
of right has been successfully pro-
claimed at Jerusalem.

Schuyler Colfax.

Schuyler Colfax.

One of the Washington corre-
spondents, who is warm in admiration
of SCHUYLER COLFAX, has been col-
lecting from his speeches some pas-
sages which particularly illustrate the
character and feelings of the man.

Thus he said of moral faithfulness
in legislation:

"Whether traveling in the valley
of humiliation or disaster, or keep-
ing my eye fixed on the heavens, I
believe God reigns! I don't believe
that His blessings will fall on the
Confederacy. God's ways are some-
times dark, but sooner or later they
reach the shining hills of day."

Of the employment of negro troops
he remarked:

"I do not call negro soldiers bet-
ter than white ones. If I were to
express my own opinion it would be
that those of my own color are bet-
ter and braver. For I have always
told you, in spite of charges to the
contrary, that I believe the Anglo-
Saxon race was superior to any other
that walks the footstool of God!"

He first announced the Republican
platform after the breach with Mr.
Johnson, thus:

"Let us make haste slowly, and we
can then hope that the foundations
of our government, when thus recon-
structed on the basis of indisputable
loyalty, will be as eternal as the
stars."

In like manner, on April 10, 1866,
when he made a mild but manly
speech with Johnson, he said of the
civil rights bill, in the first moment
of its enactment:

"That law misrepresented as it
has been by its opponents in Con-
gress, will never be repealed, and in
the years that are coming it will be
the proudest recollection and the
browning honor of those men who
stood up in the national councils,
and they gave to that American
Magna Charta their cordial support."

He treated in this way a taunt of
the Democracy:

"The new nickname flung at us is
'Radicals.' I had rather be called a
Radical than a rebel, at any time.
I am a Radical for right against
wrong; for liberty against slavery;
for justice against tyranny—a Rad-
ical friend of my country, and a
Radical friend of every enemy of my
native land. I believe in a Radical
government of the people by the
people for the people, and my sym-
pathies go out toward the Radicals
who are trying to imitate our free
institutions in Greece, Italy, France,
Ireland and Mexico. I wish to see a
belt of Republics encircle the globe."

Here is another out passage:

"I am for leveling up rather than
leveling down. God do us no more
and more also, if I do ought, more to
crush any man down lower."

In short, this is Mr. Colfax, as
described in the words of his pastor
and poet at South Bend, his home:

"You are the
Perspective mirror of right, the pure
unlimited spirit, the eloquence, the
And good! I wish to see you down lower!"

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Mrs. KEMBLE is giving Shakespea-
rean readings in Cleveland.

The story was circulated at New
York, that the government is in treaty
for the purchase of Cuba.

An attempt has been made to as-
sassinate the Viceroy of Egypt while
he was attending a celebration in
Cairo.

The press of Mexico scorn the ef-
forts of Santa Anna to get up a re-
bellion, and Congress seems to regard
them in the same light.

Brigadier General Gates, United
States Army, died in New York
last week, after a short illness, at
the age of 80 years.

Gen. Hazen writes from Fort Lar-
ened that the Kiowa and Comanches
who were on the Arkansas river have
without doubt, joined the Cheyennes
and Arapahoes in the war.

The committee appointed in San
Francisco to solicit aid for the Peru-
vian sufferers, report \$13,000 col-
lected so far—\$10,000 will be trans-
mitted to the American Consul at Lima
immediately.

It is announced that subscriptions
will be received by Brown Brothers
& Co., BANKY, Morgan & Co.,
Drexel, Sherman & Co., or R. O.
Furness, of New York, for the re-
lief of the sufferers by the earthquake
in Peru and Ecuador.

One of the zealous Chaplains of
the army of the Potomac called on a
colonel noted for his proficiency. In
order to talk about the religious in-
terests of his men. He was politely
received, and motioned to a seat on a
chest, when the following dialogue
ensued:

Chap.—Colonel, you have one of
the finest regiments in the army.
Col.—I believe so.

Night—A Fragment.

Night—A Fragment.

The night—solemn night; the
broad eye of day has closed, and all
its joyous sights and sounds have de-
parted; a majestic gloom broods o-
ver all things; night has wrapped in
her obdurate mantle the golden glo-
ries of day's bright ruler, and not a
break of the fearful contrast, save the
twinklings of some far off star, whose
feeble rays remind us that light has
been.

And yet the night is not wholly
unlovely, or unloved; for when the
day is past, meditation, delights to
pursue her task "neath her shadow-
ing wing." When the woods move
solemn, then the darkness broods
over the green foliage, and the night
winds in fitful gusts away the out-
spreading branches of the forest
trees? It is such a time as this that
suits the spirit that has drunk deep
of the cup of suffering, and these
gloomy sights and sounds are
sweeter than music to the ear which
has been satiated with the fulsome
and unmeaning addition of a false
world, and the mind finds even in the
forest's gloom, and the waiting count
of the horse night wind, something
in unison with the sombre that are
dwelling within.

The thoughts, too, at such a season
are not drawn aside by the multitude
of objects which bright day presents,
but the mind is turned in upon itself—
its own acts are the objects of
scrutiny, the emotions which lurk
deep in the recesses of the soul are
brought under strict review, passion
is cooled, reason triumphs, and
thought for the moment is supreme.

Night is the season of examina-
tion; the acts of the day then pre-
sent themselves before the mind for
judgment, conscience stamps its ap-
proval or condemnation on every ac-
tion, and by its impartial voice we
are taught to improve the future
by the follies and errors of the past.

Night is the time for devotion; the
solitary sky with gleaming stars, and
the awful silence which prevails,
press holy feelings on the soul, feel-
ings which bid man bow and humbly
worship; for at such seasons the
world is shut out, and man, cut off
from the throng of his fellows, stand
alone with God. How important
then that all should be confessed,
pardon sought, and the conscience
cleansed ere sleep be invited.

Night is the time for music's soft
strain, its notes breaking on the
stillness which reigns around, seem-
ing like the voices of far off angels,
and every pulsation of the heart is in
unison with the song. The mind, too,
is then better suited to the reception of
high impressions, and oft at such
seasons